beaver

Midnight. Not a sound to be heard, not a soul to be seen – just two lovers and a dirty old man, clutching his thick member in the silver glow of the moon. Not forgetting the telescope, of course. Fiction by Joe de Sade.

Thomas had seen the girl a half-dozen times no more. He had taken to the habit of watching her through his telescope, watching her parade her charms in the apartment across the way, watching her play the perfect hostess to an array of hot young men, sucking them, fucking them, grinding them to nothing on the huge four-poster that she called home. Thomas didn't mind it at all, and he was about to switch again

A light flickered on and the girl appeared, her little form passing into the sights of the telescope with the grace of an angel. Thomas gulped. Already he could feel the awakening of his prick in his trousers, the slight throb of [illegible]. And it was always [illegible] he'd grow, slowly [illegible] tune his release [illegible] of the girl's [illegible] occasions by the sharp, upward [illegible] of her body.

"Why can't it be me?" Thomas murmured, [illegible] its on the smar[illegible] had followed [illegible] apartment. [illegible] out in a grey suit and matching tie, black hair swept back from his forehead like a matinee idol – a handsome sod.

He switched his gaze to the girl who had moved off to the right and was now stepping from her black evening gown. Her body was heaven: large, firm breasts held tight by a black lace bra, smooth stomach, slim waist and big hips, golden summer skin, and a cascade of honey hair reaching down to skimpy black panties, beyond which lay the promise of her honey cunt: her sticky-sweet honey cunt. "Oh why can't it be me?"

Sensing that the main feature was about to begin, Thomas eased his prick from his trousers. He felt its warmth and strength in his palm, the ache in his balls as his gathering spunk rejoiced in its master's voyeuristic games. The setting was ideal: midnight, not a sound to be heard, not a soul to be seen – just two lovers and a dirty old man clutching his thick member in the silver glow of the moon.

The action was under way. The young man was down to his

WATCH

briefs his chest being stroked by the girl's long talon-like fingers. They were stretched out on the bed, legs entwined, exchanging kisses. Thomas gasped. He studied the girl's thighs, the inward curve to the pussy, the solid nipples pushing hard at the bra. He studied her crimson lips, the dagger sharp tongue that was now licking its erotic passage down the young man's tanned and muscular torso. The excitement was killing, a drawn-out torture. The tongue meant business, licking and jabbing, sliding across the navel and hovering over the tip of the trembling penis. The girl had the knack, as Thomas well knew. She pulled away her partner's briefs and, taking the heavy cock between her lips, proceeded to suck with a fury, tearing at the purple head, the veil shaft. The prominent balls. She lifted her glorious arse and dug deeper, her honey mane bobbing on her back with each rise and fall of her hungry mouth.

It was all too much, both for victim and spectator alike. Barely able to contain himself, the young man slid free of his oral prison and took up position at the girl's rear. He shoved his hand inside her panties, stroked her gleaming slit, then gripped his cock and pushed himself home, pushed himself ever deeper into the girl's yielding cunt, clasping her hips and thrusting over and over. At the very last he withdrew. A jet of spunk erupted from his ecstatic rod and splashed on the girl's back, and her spine arched its habitual arch as she shuddered with the impact of orgasm.

Hidden in his voyeur's lair, Thomas shuddered with her. He clenched his ejaculating member and squeezed out every last drop and smeared it over his lips, his impatient tongue probing the clammy texture of the hot and sour juice, tasting the bitter sweet product of his sex, his solitary sex. He imagined the girl at his feet, panting in adoration, her youthful body dripping wet in the moonlight. "God, I love you," he said.

Sleep came easy and, as ever, the girl invaded Thomas's dreams, nurturing his obsession with her tantalising touch. He saw himself in a multitude of pleasurable situations, stalking her, trapping her, exercising his lust as he most desired. She was the young society girl being taken in every conceivable way by the humble worker – his dreams were full of her.

The shrill ringing of a bell rudely woke him. Thomas opened his eyes to the harsh light of the morning, blinking fitfully as he struggled to get his bearings. The bell rang again, loud, insistent. He heaved himself from his bed, hurriedly dressed, and stumbled weary to the door, pulling it open with a curse.

"Hi," she said.

Thomas felt his heart leap. "I'm Mandy."

Mandy, he mouthed, rubbing his eyes and looking again. He wasn't so used to seeing the girl in the broad light of day, but what a sight she was. Her hair was tied back in a ponytail, making her pretty round face even rounder, even prettier. Her big blue eyes shone with the lustre of precious stones, glinting through her long black lashes. And her mouth...

"Mandy..." she repeated... delicate lips caressing the word.

Thomas ran his fingers through his unruly blond hair. I must be dreaming, he thought.

"And you're Thomas?" she asked, smiling.

"Yes... Thomas..."

"Can I come in?"

"Yes... come in."

He stepped aside and ushered her in. The bleached blue of her jean clad arse wiggled past, under his eyes, demanding the attention it had demanded before – telescope attention.

"I live in the block over the way there," she explained, settling herself on the couch in the lounge and pointing to the window. "I haven't been here long, you know."

He kissed her ankles, kissed up the golden legs to the dripping mound between her thighs, and buried himself . . .

Yes, I do know, Thomas thought. He'd seen her arrive just seven days before, seen her pull up in her little red car crammed tight with cases, seen her stockinged leg step from the door, followed by a figure that knew its way around a bed, that cried out for sex.

"What can I do for you?" Thomas asked, struggling to keep his composure.

"Well," the girl began, "I hear you're an electrician, that you sometimes do repairs for people in the neighbourhood, free of charge?"

Thomas nodded, hardly able to wrench his eyes from her crotch.

"Well," she continued, "I'm having trouble with some sockets."

I bet you are, he thought. He wanted to laugh, to crack some crude joke, but he was staring at serious stuff.

"... And I was wondering whether you'd care to take a look."

He felt his prick stiffen.

"... If you have the time."

"All the time in the world," he said.

"Gobo," she exclaimed, jumping to her feet. "When are you free? This evening?"

"This evening'll be fine."

"Thanks," she said. "Flat 9, on the third floor. Call at any time."

"Oh, I will." Thomas mumbled. He couldn't believe what he was hearing, couldn't convince himself he wasn't still dreaming. It was like fantasy had bumped into reality, the two merging as one – dreams were no longer dreams, and anything was possible.

"Ah," Mandy said, moving over to the window, "you've got a telescope. I bet you have some fun with this."

Thomas blushed. He'd forgotten completely.

"This looks familiar," she said, peering into the eye piece with a quizzical frown. She was studying the contents of her own bedroom.

"Do you get much of a thrill?"

"You're quite something," Thomas uttered, deeming it best to come clean.

"Oh, I am," she breathed. "I am."

He swallowed hard. My God, he thought, his prick near to bursting.

"Anyway," she said, brushing over so slightly against him as she stepped to the door, "it's time I was on my way. See you later, OK?"

"Sure," he said, hot come only seconds away.

The day moved endlessly. Thomas showered, changed, and couldn't remember a moment when his cock wasn't rigid. So her name is Mandy, he thought, and she knows, she knows I'm a voyeur. And she doesn't care. All she wants is a fucking, a fucking from the man who's obsessed with her – a fucking from Thomas. Obsesssed.

The first shadows crept over the apartment floor. Evening. Thomas left the flat, crossed the street, and ascended the stairs to heaven. He pushed hard on the bell of Flat 9, waited for a reply with his stomach turning somersaults.

"Thomas," Mandy said, opening the door and inviting him in. "I'm so glad you could make it." She was dressed to kill, no mistake, high heels, black mini, tight black jumper clinging enthusiastically to her breasts – the embodiment of sex.

"Through here," she said, beckoning him to follow.

The apartment, as he had suspected, was immaculate. The society girl lived well. A high-class prostitute? It was possible. Anything was possible.

They passed into the bedroom, Thomas's eyes glued all the while

"You're determined to ruin our honeymoon, aren't you, Gilbert?"

to the rocking movement of the girl's arse. "It's the TV and video," she explained over her shoulder. "I don't seem to be able to get a picture."

Blue movies she liked to watch blue movies.

"There," she said, sitting on the plush four-poster and nodding at the set. "See what you can do."

Thomas got to his knees and poked at the sockets and plugs. He was through in minutes, it was nothing but a loose wire.

"Try this," Mandy said, handing him a video cassette. "Just to make sure."

Thomas inserted the cassette into the machine. A picture flipped into view: a picture of a girl caressing the moist lips of her cunt with a dildo, her head thrown back, her mouth open.

"What do you think?" came the soft voice from behind him.

Thomas turned to the bed. His jaw fell slack. Mandy was naked and stroking her pussy, her clothes scattered about her. He turned back to the television then back at Mandy, and realised he was staring at identical cunts.

"You've been watching me," she sighed, sweeping her hands over the lips of her crack. "So, how about the real thing...?"

There was nothing to be said. The obsession was all- and the obsession had come to a point of no return.

"You're going to fuck me to hell, big boy voyeur."

Thomas unzipped himself and climbed from his trousers, unbuttoned his shirt and dropped it to the floor. The tip of his cock bit into his stomach, standing proud in the company of its dream.

"Come here," the dream said, "and fuck me to hell."

He kissed her ankles, kissed up the golden legs to the dripping mound between her thighs. He parted the lips with the tip of his tongue, slid it slowly in, slowly in. A trickle of love juice escaped and he plunged deep in the crack for more, tasting the sweetness of the interior, the sweet flowing fluid of his prize. The girl gasped and thrust her cunt against his mouth with urgency. "Oh, yes," she moaned. He gripped the honey tails of her hair and buried himself still further, probing the perfumed valley. "Oh, God..."

The rush of her first orgasm swept like a wave over his tongue. He moved from her pussy to her tits, sucking and biting the big stiff nipples as he knew she liked as he had witnessed done by lovers before him.

And then he eased his rampant prick into the dark chamber, acquainted his burning flesh with its new home. The girl writhed under the pressure. The walls of her cunt clasped on to him, sucking him in and yearning more. Thomas pushed harder, faster, bollocks slapping at her arse, traces of seminal fluid oozing from his cock and out of her crack to the thick pink quilt beneath them. "Fuck me!" she screamed, coming.

Her second orgasm brought about the familiar arch of the back, but Thomas wasn't done. He'd prayed for this moment and wasn't about to let it slip by in seconds. He extracted his prick from her body and held it to her mouth, running his helmet the full circle of her lips. The girl closed her eyes and groaned. She hissed his name, drew back her lips to receive him. And Thomas rammed in his cock to the hilt, pumping in a steady tempo, feeling the spunk creep achingly along his rod. A long tongue curled around the pulsing shaft, a tongue of experience, a tongue called heaven.

Thomas pulled away. He took the girl by the waist and flipped her over, pushed her pretty face into the pillows. And again he wanked her. He penetrated her beautiful cunt with his fingers, shunting with a passion her moans all but lost in the volume of his own heavy panting. He kissed her buttocks, kissed the pink of her delicate orifice. And with a heavenly lunge, he speared his throbbing cock into the tight cavity.

She came again in a stream of juice. Her nails tore at the quilt and her howl was unmistakably one of gross pleasure. Thomas hoisted her to her knees and re-entered her flagrantly exposed pussy. Only once or twice did he pause to catch a glimpse of himself: his honeyed pole at the very brink of ecstasy and pleading ejaculation. And, in one final attack, a flood of spunk spurted from his prick, taking his breath with the sheer scale and desperation of its surge. Needless to say, Mandy shared the moment with an equally exquisite orgasm of her own.

The girl was in tears. She wrapped her arm around her lover's racked body and held him close. "My God," she breathed over and over in his ear.

Thomas lay back on the bed, drawing on a cigarette and staring at the TV. The other Mandy was still wanking, still treating herself to the dildo. He wondered how she had managed to film herself, whether a lover had been holding the camera or...

His gaze settled on the lens: the lens of the video camera sitting satisfied and smug on a small ledge near the ceiling. Its rude eye was watching him, surveying his spent form, and a soft whirr betrayed its purpose – it was still on automatic and filming.

Thomas laughed. He turned to the real Mandy, sleeping her exhausted sleep, and planted a kiss on her forehead. She had out-voyeured him, beaten him at his own game. And what a game! Maybe they'd play it again. Anything was possible. Anything.

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MY CONFESSION

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies, although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. *'My Confession'* is for those impulsive readers who do it for real . . .

Roger's voice rasped over the intercom. "Cherry, got time for a quickie before lunch? A letter. I mean," he added archly, imagining my smirk.

"Coming, Roger." I replied. "To see you. I mean."

I switched off his dry chuckle. Taking my notebook, I moved towards his office, relishing the faint snicker of my white nylons. It was always white nylons with Roger – white nylons, white knickers and white suspender belt. He liked the contrast with my black skin.

After spending my first 24 years trying to show my colour wasn't important, it seemed crazy to be working for a guy obsessed with black girls. But then Roger was a man I could forgive a lot.

He was behind his desk when I went in, blond head down over a spread of office plans. Even sitting, he looked tall – tall and rangy and ever so good looking.

"Come over here," he said absently, "the letter won't make sense unless you see the plans."

I stood beside him, my thigh brushing the arm of his suit. The tiniest thrill shivered through me.

It always surprised me we could be so businesslike together when only a few hours ago I'd been face down on this very desk top, gasping and moaning while he had fucked me from behind, his large, meaty penis pumping between the upraised cheeks of an arse I knew he loved.

Feeling my juices stir, I coughed, squashing the memory. Roger began dictation.

I'd been working here six months now, and it was unlike any other job I'd had. I organised the office, while Roger, Mark and Duncan made a fortune selling commercial properties – three guys in their early 30s who weren't just attractive and single, they were fun to be with.

"We'll be honest," Mark – a chunky, cheeky faced fellow with red hair – told me at the interview, "We've shortlisted three people but you're the only one we all fancy!"

I'd burst out laughing, and started the following week. I wasn't sure how seriously to take the fancying part. I'd just finished a long, painful romance. I had a lot of good times to make up. I'd thought if anything happened it would probably be with Mark – he seemed the randiest. In fact, it was Duncan – the quietest. One day they won their biggest ever contract. We started celebrating in the pub at lunchtime. By the end of the evening, Duncan was the only one sober enough to drive me home.

I invited him in for a coffee and we were both giggling like idiots, fumbling for the light switch in the living room. Then we collided and he just started to kiss me.

It was very nice, and I suddenly realised how much I'd missed sex. My ex-boyfriend and I had spent the last year screaming at each other. But I thought Duncan was too drunk to do more than fondle – I'd be lucky to get him to unclip my bra. I was wrong!

In half-a-minute flat he'd stripped me naked and was drawing me down on to the carpet. Then he just yanked down his trousers and pants, climbed between my legs and fucked me – beautifully.

Just as he was about to come, he told me, "You know, I've never made love to a black girl before."

So I said, "I've never had a white boy in me before." Which was a lie! But it drove him wild.

Suddenly he was jerking and thrusting into me like there was no tomorrow – slamming my poor

"For the next half-hour he caressed, kissed and licked every inch of my exposed body. By the end my nipples were throbbing and my head spinning . . ."

bottom into the carpet, and then spurting off so fiercely I thought he'd have a stroke! It was fabulous.

Next day in the office everything was as friendly as ever, though I was desperate to know if Duncan had told the others. But no one said a thing! Then, a week later, Mark took me on a house survey he was doing for a friend.

It was a mini mansion, beautifully furnished. We had the place to ourselves and when we arrived at the most luxurious room of all (the master bedroom), Mark asked me to try the bed – it was apparently being sold with the house.

I duly kicked off my shoes and bounced in the middle of a very plush coverlet. Mark immediately clambed on next to me, grinned and went to kiss me.

"Have you been talking to Duncan?" I asked.

He frowned and asked what about. I still didn't know whether to believe him, but I let him kiss me, and in a minute he was unbuttoning my blouse. Then, before we both got too steamed up, I warned him it was the wrong time of the month.

In fact, it wasn't! I just didn't want him to think I was that easy. But he didn't blink an eye.

"Just touching is fine by me," he said.

So we both stripped off, though I left my knickers on, and for the next half hour he caressed, kissed and licked every inch of my exposed body. By the end my nipples were throbbing and my head spinning – I was cursing myself for being a stupid. I could say now I'd lied – please – please fuck me after all! But if I didn't do something I'd explode!

Thank God, he seemed to get the message. He began to massage the front of my knickers, rubbing the material up and down the line of my crack, teasing my clitty. Soon I was gasping and groaning, heaving my hips off the bed, until I came, very powerfully.

I was so grateful it was a while before I realised Mark still had the most enormous hard on.

"Actually," he said, "I've always wondered what white come looks like on black skin."

"Let's see, shall we?" I grinned at him. Taking hold of his arm, I made him straddle me, then I pulled his stiff pink length down into my cleavage, cupped my breasts and pressed them over his veined flesh. His bell shaped bulb peeped out the top. Bending my head, I drew my tongue across the slit.

"Come on, white boy!" I hissed, pressing my breastflesh against him. "Let's see the colour of your spunk . . ."

He groaned and erupted – so quickly and thickly I gasped out loud myself. Then I smiled and watched his face as I rubbed the sticky goo into my breasts.

"Satisfied?" I purred.

And still no one said a thing at the office!

By now I was wondering why Roger hadn't made a pass. He was the oldest of the trio, and the most attractive. I couldn't decide whether it was me he didn't fancy, or black girls in general. Then one evening I worked late with him on a rushed project. I was wearing white tights and, as I crossed the office, I snagged them badly on the drawer of Roger's filing cabinet.

Without even thinking, I pulled the side of my skirt up to my waist. Complaining, I looked up and saw Roger staring at me. I've been undressed by glances before but Roger's fucked me!

After that, doing it seemed almost a formality. He got on top of me for our first fuck – on the visitors' couch in reception. But I soon realised it was my bottom that really turned him on.

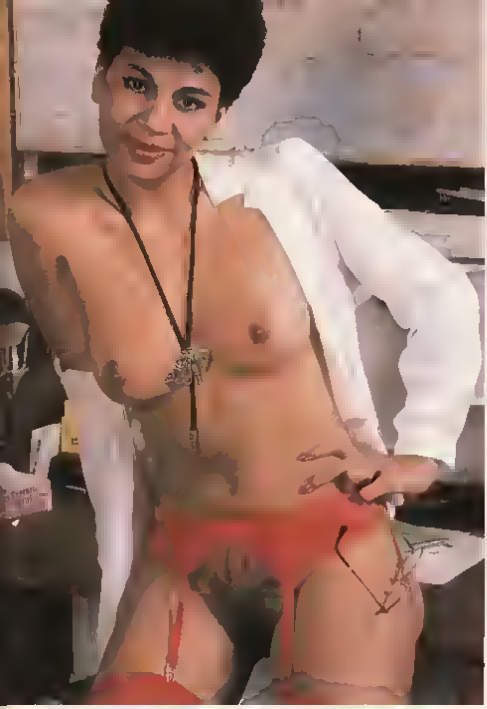
Fifteen minutes after the first time he had me leaning over my own desk while he fucked me from behind, stroking my cheeks as he did it. Roger had Duncan and Mark's enthusiasm and a lot more stamina. He was also very, very big!

I was so busy not thinking of the tights I took notes, it was a shock to feel his fingers snaking up the back of my thigh.

"Hey," I said, "I thought this was urgent."

He grinned and glanced down at the lump in his fly. "So it is."

As I chuckled both his hands moved up under my skirt, grasped the edge of my knickers and drew them down. Lifting the front of my skirt, he pushed his face between my legs. I gasped as his tongue



"It was a shock to feel his fingers snaking up the back of my thigh. Then both his hands moved up under my skirt, grasped the edge of my knickers and drew them down . . ."

fuckered over my crevice, then began to probe for my clit

In a minute I was clutching at his shoulders, trying to stay upright

"This is very naughty" I whispered

"More naughty than you think," he said and reached down and unzipped

I sucked in breath as I saw his broad purple knob poking up from his trousers

"Turn round," he murmured "Sit on me"

Swallowing I obeyed, squeezing between his chair and the desk and leaning forward over the desk top Holding my breath, I lowered myself until, with a gasp, I felt his warm tip nudging my crotch I groaned as he began to penetrate me, stretching my lips, plugging me massively

"Oh God!" I hissed. "If someone comes in"

"Don't worry," Roger said. He began to grind his crotch against my cheeks, jerking upwards in a gentle, rhythmic, gorgeous fuck

I closed my eyes, losing myself in the joy of it – and then snapped them open in horror as the door suddenly opened Mark and Duncan came in Then I saw they were both grinning

"I told you not to worry" Roger murmured behind me

"It's your six month anniversary" said Duncan, "so we decided to give you a treat"

"As much as you want, for as long as you want," Mark grinned "Just say when"

"No secrets in the office," said Roger And immediately went into a fierce, humping rhythm that drove every breath from my body I was already only a gasp away from coming, and as the first spasm began, I saw Mark unzipping his trousers

Fucking with three lovely men, all with gorgeous cocks, was like the answer to every girl's most private, innermost fantasy

I was hypnotised by the sight of Mark's stiff, wavering cock as it came closer to my mouth I wanted to cry out and beg for it I wanted him in my mouth sucking him, as I came My throat was dry and I could hardly speak I was shuddering and shaking so much as my orgasm started Mark had to feed his thick cock into my lolling slack lipped mouth himself I was drooling for it As he pulled in and out between my lips, his cock was coated with my saliva.

Roger was still bouncing my bottom off the desk and my pussy was making a loud, delicious squelching I felt lovely and used. I could feel my juices flowing down the insides of my thighs I was a goner I was being fucked legless and my whole body was trembling at the thought of it

Mark was resting one hand on my head and holding his fat cock with the other steering it between my slobbering lips and deliberately tossing himself off at the same time

I could see Duncan wanking himself out of the corner of my eye, staring at my pussy as Roger's big cock slammed in and out shiny with my juices

Then I felt Roger slip out and grabbing me by the hips turned me over so I was flat on my back

Mark's cock plopped out of my mouth and I grabbed it and pulled him back I was more in control now and I ran my tongue along the underside of his cock and licked his heavy balls I wanted those big nuts dangling in my face while I sucked him but now Duncan was standing by me and I could reach out and grasp his cock in the other hand and start tossing him off vigorously over my tits Roger was back between my legs grinding his penis round and round in my sopping cunt as my back arched and I came again as Mark began to throb and quiver in my mouth

Then I felt it His penis reared and twitched and I tasted his come as it squirted across my tongue into the back of my mouth Duncan came shuddering, splattering my breasts and this set Roger off He jerked upright and moaned loudly as his cock pumped endlessly into my pussy, almost lifting me off the table.

Everyone just fell back gasping and panting for breath, and then we started giggling and then we cleaned up and went out to the pub arm in arm like a bunch of kids, laughing and joking and acting the fool. Now we're inseparable and we still fuck together, but only in the office and I see no reason to end it

MEN ONLY
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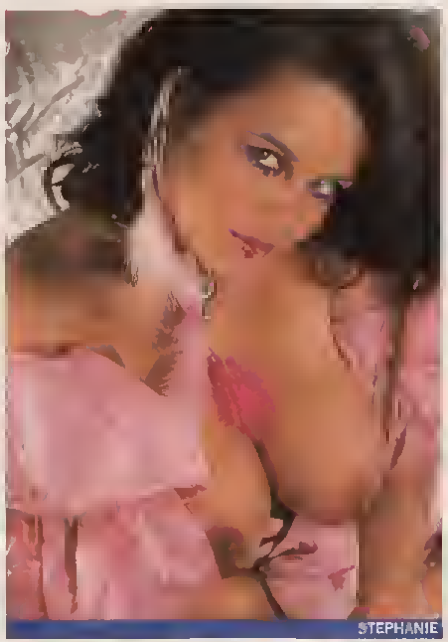

STEPHANIE

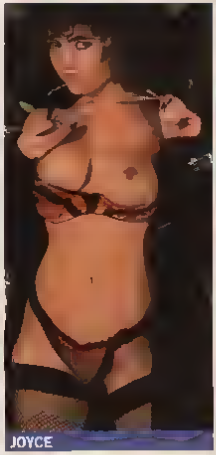
GOTCHA!

or no resemblance to any of the girls inside and the girl promised for next month not turning up for the next six issues if ever.

It really is about time we put our foot down and apologised in advance for all the appalling errors, mistakes, high wire balancing acts and exciting cock-ups we hope to be making in the coming months.

But first we should apologise for leaving this thrilling apology so late in the year when we could if we hadn't been so busy apologising for previous errors have run it in the January issue. We apologise for that.

Meanwhile, hand picked highly-trained editorial teams in fashionable creosote green cotton jackets are already working on a round the-clock basis to separate the apologies for the first three issues from the next three and issue them as a major partwork in Vol. 53 No. 6. But more about that in next month's apology.


JOYCE

TRUDI

Enough. Enough of these snivelly grovelly editorials blaming the decline in moral standards at the Watford Empire of a Friday night on the editorial team. Enough of this wingeing and moaning about the cover girl bearing little

Of course, any reasonable ideological system of social analysis equated with critical sociology would propose that it's impossible to write a sensible editorial *apologia* while a bunch of chortling editorial staff are

THE PHOTO GAME GIRLS

They're available – if you know where to find them; the girls who enjoy taking their clothes off for the camera. There are many in every major town across the country. Most are never published but so long as there are men to watch, there will be girls who enjoy revealing all.

JACKIE

It's after nine in a draughty scout hut at the back end of a council estate. One long narrow room with the blinds pulled and the lights down – except for the far end where a half-circle of photo floods make a blaze of light. They shine on a length of pale blue satin hanging from a wall, the bottom draped over a stack of rubber mats to give the impression of a bed.

I am kneeling in the middle of it. I'm nude but for a black suspender belt and a pair of dark nylons. I can feel cool air fanning my pussy from a crack to a door to my left, but the heat of the lights is hot on my bared breasts. And even hotter are the sweaty gazes of the eight guys who crowd around me, crouching, kneeling or bending forward, cameras in hand.

'Now, Bob,' the club secretary says, 'put your arms round Jackie – go on, don't be shy.'

There's a titter of nervous laughter, which grows as I give an exaggerated start.

'Are you all right, love?' grunts the man kneeling at my back.

I turn and glance quickly at him over my shoulder. He's in his early 30s, good-looking in a quiet way, with sweat glistening on his forehead. He blinks at me plainly not at all sure he's doing the right thing, but still unable to hide the gleam of excitement in his eyes.

'Your skin's a bit cold, that's all,' I say, and give him a quick grin.

'Don't worry, love,' someone calls. 'Bob'll soon warm up!'

There's another utter of laughter, and Bob goes bright red. Someone snaps, 'Don't take the piss . . .' And the laughter stops. I look down where Bob's arms cross over my tummy. I can just see the hairy edge of his thigh where it lightly touches the back of mine. He's as naked as I am, but while I first stripped nearly two hours ago, he's only just been persuaded to put his camera down and join me on our little set. I get the feeling he's been chosen long before I arrived, and it's only last minute nerves that are bothering him.

I've been modelling on the amateur circuit nearly a year now and I can tell the naughty clubs within five minutes. There's a look the fellows have, a feel to the

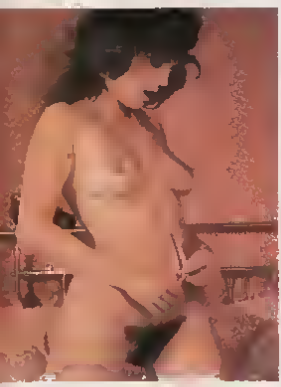
atmosphere They know I'm only booked for nude photography..but they'll try and push things as far as they can

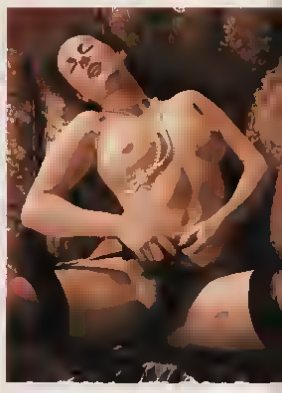
When I first started it used to worry me Then I realised it was really up to me No one's ever said "Here's a dildo – we want you to fing yourself off with it! It's usually much more subtle than that

Like tonight I was doing spread legs shots in the first half hour I knew they were seeing how rude I'd let them get using the excuse that because I was so hairy down there I wasn't *really* showing that much Then when we stopped for tea, the club secretary said "By the way, love, do you ever do mixed posing – you know. male and female together?"

I didn't blink an eye We were relaxing over a tea break at the time but I suddenly felt every ear in the room swivel in my direction "I haven't done *that* much of it " I'm saying The secretary guips on his tea "Oh, we'll give you all the help you need. We find it really adds an extra dimension to the pictures '

So now I'm kneeling on the mats with Bob, straightening myself as his hands scoop my breasts and quietly sticking out my bum so that my cheeks push into his lap I can feel the warmth of his cock against my flesh and, as I wriggle slightly to get more comfortable, it gives the faintest twitch Thank God! I was





this. I dip my head and my lips close over Bob's broad, salty-tasting tip. He groans and his body trembles, and there's suddenly a flurry of clicking shutters. I wait until he twitches violently in my mouth, and then

THERE'S EVERY CHANCE TO FONDLE MY BOOBS AND NIPPLES, WHICH ARE NOW LIKE BULLETS . . .

I reach out towards Bob, making him look puzzled as I urge him to his feet, his stiff penis wobbling in front of him. Immediately I shuffle forward, lifting myself higher. He gasps as his thick pink length butts between my boobs. Cupping them, I press my rounded flesh over his shaft.

"What about that?" I turn to ask the secretary. There are open mouths all round me. "Then I can just move into a mouth shot like

pull back, leaving him gasping. "I hope you don't think it's too rude?" I say.

"Oh no," the secretary stutters. "It looks great – perhaps we could develop it . . ."

In a few moments Bob and I are entwined on the blue satin, his warm cock prodding my tummy as he bends over me, his tongue licking my nipples as the cameras click.

"Jackie," the secretary calls, "I've been thinking, love – have

beginning to think he either didn't fancy me, or he was too embarrassed to get it up.

We pose for four or five minutes while Bob's mates give him every opportunity to cup and fondle and squeeze my boobs and nipples, which are now like bullets. All the time I can feel his cock stretching and thickening and pushing its way up the crevice of my bottom – though I don't say a thing. Then we break apart, and I turn round.

Bob stares at me awkwardly as my eyes drop straight to his lap. He looks even bigger than he felt, long and pink and smooth with a fat round top. It's a nice cock. I feel my tummy turn over, and without thinking I grunt, "Oh."

There's a sudden silence and everyone tenses. "Sorry, Jackie," the secretary says quickly. "Bob's just got a bit carried away . . ."

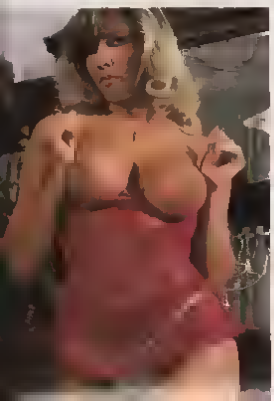
"Well, actually, I was thinking of a pose I've done before . . ."

you ever tried what we call penetration poses – do you know what I mean? Obviously we'd only do it in a very tasteful way."

I chew at my lip. "I don't know. It's a bit stronger than I like to do. Perhaps if it was just the tip..."

But Bob, panting now, is already reaching down between my legs. I know he'll be spurting as soon as his cock slips into my pussy. But it won't be him I'll be most aware of. It'll be the bright stares of the photographers, the looks of awe and admiration and lust that make my heart drum with excitement.

It's a look I hardly ever see outside a studio. It's a look that'll keep me modelling like this for as long as I can.



MAUREEN

I've been modelling on the amateur circuit for nearly six years now, which is good for a glamour model. I'll be 29 this year, but my measurements are the same as when I was 21 – 36-24-36. I'll keep going for as long as I'm booked, and as long as I enjoy it. I *do* enjoy it a lot. If that upsets people I always say, "If nude modelling's so disgusting, why does my husband let me do it? He doesn't mind, so why should you?" Which is mostly the truth!

When we first got married I'd just started and Keith really wanted me to stop. In a way I could see his point – but we needed the money I was bringing in, and, anyway, modelling meant a lot to me. It was a part of me. I felt that if you love someone you should accept them as they are. Keith didn't really see that.

In the end I agreed to do less and Keith would come along to my bookings with me. That lasted about a month.

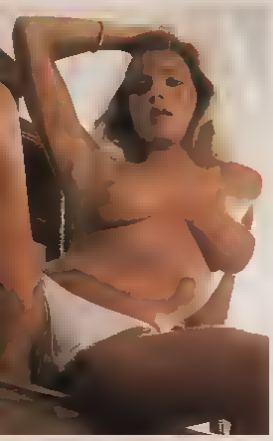
Keith gave it up first. I wouldn't stop, so he agreed to trust me, which he should have done in the first place. He never said it outright, but I could tell he didn't like the atmosphere in some of the clubs I went to.

They weren't sordid, but when a girl with a nice body poses nude in front of a dozen or so blokes, it *is* sexy. I'm not saying it turns into an orgy, because it doesn't, and most amateurs just want to take nice glamour pictures – but some fellows are obviously there because it's their one chance to gawp at some nice-looking tit or pussy.

My feeling is, why not? Looking isn't going to hurt me. Perhaps it'll make them go home and be really nice to their wives. But I am sure Keith thought they were just a crowd of dirty old men, getting their rocks off. I made sure we never went to one club where an old guy of about 60 always got a hard-on the moment I went topless. It never happened with any other model. I used to joke with him about it. I thought it was really lovely, and very flattering. But Keith would have gone spare.

To be frank, it was much easier *not* having him around. I could never get into the right mood, knowing he was watching. To pose well I need to feel that the fellows taking the pictures really fancy me, really want to do things to me. That's why I don't really mind if I notice anyone getting a hard-on. At least it shows I'm getting through to someone!

But I'd never go further than



TO POSE WELL I NEED TO FEEL THAT THE FELLOWS TAKING THE PICTURES REALLY FANCY ME

that for a club booking. Open crotch poses are my limit. Private bookings are different, of course. That's when one or more guys can't, or won't afford to hire a studio, so they book a model to shoot at home. Sometimes it's no different from a club session, but it's generally expected to be a bit stronger, so the fees are bigger.

I only do them occasionally – usually to help out a friend. One girl and I worked out this lesbian posing routine, which looked really erotic, if we managed not to giggle! Fellows have often come up to us afterwards and said: "I'd never have known you were gay!"

I also do a thing on my own with this plastic vibrating cock I got through the post. Basically it's a female masturbation routine, and I pretend to bring myself off with it as if I've 'accidentally' got carried away. Sometimes I don't need to pretend that much!

Keith would probably divorce me if he found out about it because it is pretty rude. But I feel that as long as it's me doing it to my own body it's my business.

That's why I'd never do poses with guys, even just fondling them or sucking them off. To my mind titillation is about what you *don't* do. *Imagining* that you're fucking a model is a turn on – *doing* it has got to be a disappointment. That's why I rarely do a strong private booking on my own. If I'm spreadeagled naked on some guy's bed and I'm working myself up, or even bringing myself off, I can't really blame him if he whips out his cock and starts wanking (which *has* actually happened to me!) But he could just as easily stick his cock in me instead.

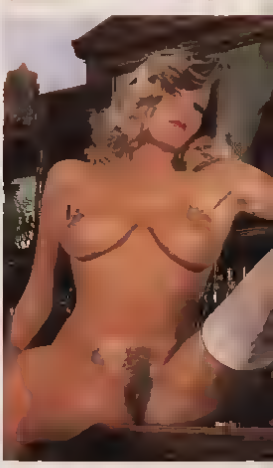
Luckily I've only had one awkward experience, which was actually the fault of the girl I was with. The pair of us were booked at a flat with five guys. It was obviously just a stag do – I think one of them was getting married soon. The other girl and I did a full nude set, which was fairly raunchy, but then the guys insisted two of them strip off and pose with us as a foursome. I didn't want to, but the other model fancied the guy who was getting married, so she said it was all right, and the two fellows were dropping their pants before she'd finished speaking.

Of course, there was no posing at all. I just found myself being fondled and groped by this extremely hairy guy with an enormous hard-on. My girlfriend didn't even wait for that. She just pulled the engaged guy on to the floor and started fucking him. I wasn't going to screw anyone, which my fellow obviously expected. Fortunately, he couldn't leave my boobs alone, so I got him to put his cock in my cleavage. Then two of the guys watching unzipped and started wanking on either side of me, and all three of them came off in a great shower of spunk. I had it all over my boobs, in my hair, my mouth, even my ears!

It's an experience that really turns me on thinking about it *now*. But it was murder going home like that. I couldn't wash my hair, and Keith knew I'd been modelling. I had to convince him someone with a bad cold had sneezed over me on the bus!

"If I didn't know you better," he said, "I'd say that was some fellow's spunk."

I had to pretend he was joking. Poor old Keith – it must be really hard being married to an exhibitionist like me!



GingeR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES

Getting overawed not to say overshadowed by Ginger's 38 inch flight deck the man Dames had to take three sets of her before he got anything we could print The first was beautifully posed wonderfully horny, but totally ruined by camera shake (They get like that photographers There are times when sheer erotic excitement steams the lens up We never complain We know that if a photographer starts to twitch, the girl's got to be great!) The second set was, again beautifully posed (so we're told) but was rather spoiled by the lens cap which Dames left on (You can tell the state he was in.) But we stuck with him and, yes, third time lucky he produced the perfect photographic description of what it is about a woman that makes hardened men shake at the knees It's a lot easier to do it in pictures In words it appears to come out as a sighing grunt pronounced *"Hrrwhrrrrrrrrrrrrr!"*

not in the least amazing really In fact, the average number of occasions on which this can be done is slightly less than zero So, much as we'd like to tell you these are all candid shots, we know you won't believe it (What *is* amazing is the number of mags that do say that sort of thing and ask you to believe them I suppose they re using the same code as the tabloid newspapers these days – the key being that if something is said by a

Sunday or a men's mag, no one *expects* it to be true.)

But we like to tell the truth from time to time, and it is that we have been getting all our models to show us their knickers for the last three months. We then photograph them, because we love looking at well-filled pastles. Possibly you do, too. *(If it was left to me, I'd rather have a Cornish penty any day* – MO *reader from Truro.)*

FUTILE • SEX

GAFFE DE PARIS

Twenty-two good reasons why you should never have sex with a dinosaur, including a true account of the gestation period of Triceratops! Woweee!

I don't suppose many of you have had a crack at lovemaking in front of a polystyrene Triceratops. The fact that this was France. The day brilliant. The dinosaur in quest on smiling seraphically, and my celibacy already of seven days' duration should have conspired to produce instant ignition when opportunity offered but there were distractions.

The guide for instance. A charming, intense young man called Sasha, whose ambition was to be a Eurobond dealer, took himself so seriously that he stood for a half hour in front of each of his atrociously sculpted beasts, making it difficult to slip away. His burning stare also made it impossible to snatch a swift kiss, let alone grab at a willing crotch.

My new found companion was a delectable young Swede, whom I had met in Avignon the previous evening. We had had a drink or two, but she was with a girlfriend and I was with my son, who frequently claims that I set him a good example, although I can never quite rid myself of the feeling that he is being sarcastic.

I had concluded a deal with him: if he would show the other Swedish girl round the nearby walled town, I would treat him to a hotel room and a bottle of champagne if he found her more interested in being breached than besieged.

So I had set off with Brigitte to a place called Cardo Land, advertised as being sylvan, secluded, and covering 10 hectares of prehistoric sculptures, which seemed rather a lot of land in which not to be private.

"The Triceratops laid one egg each century." (I think that's what Sacha was saying, but his microphone was on the blink.)

Imagine being there when it arrived. I ask you, any of you, have you any idea of the gestation period of a Triceratops egg before it left its parent?

A spaghetti-like man from Marseilles, with premature wrinkles and a pretty wife, promptly took six more photographs of the grinning beast in front of us, and asked what had made it extinct. Sacha didn't know, but he was going to have a guess. The explanation of which lasted 10 minutes.

"If he'd only move on to the sabre-toothed tiger," murmured Brigitte, "we could go round the other side of that thing and into the bushes."

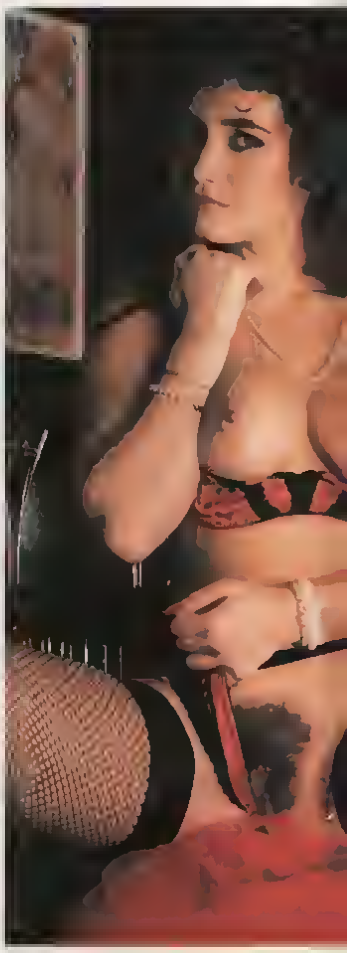
"Well, if no one else asks him some bloody question, he should be moving on right now."

So the climate went wrong, and there was no more food for them," Sacha concluded. A child in the group bawled in hungry sympathy, whereupon Sacha said, "Now, little girl, it was a long time ago." The mother of the child explained crossly that it was a boy, not a girl, which at once undermined Sacha's pretentions to being an expert on biology.

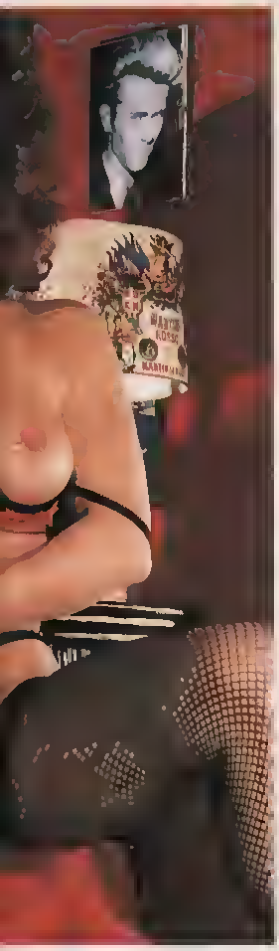
"*Alors*, I have made a gaffe," he said, with the smile of a Rosicrucian who had turned gold into lead and forgotten the formula for turning it back again.

JOYCE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PIERRE D'ATERRE



Yes, we do have a speciality and it isn't any of the ones we're accused of – you know, like being bum men, tit men, feet men or any of that. Our speciality is finding big friendly girls (36-22-37) who laugh a lot, fall over quite often, don't take themselves very seriously and, when the mood takes them, are apt to shove a hand down your trousers and yell "WAHAAAY!" Of course, we're not saying that Joyce is like that, that would be telling.



ON · THE · GAME

DON'T SHOOT, SHEATH

Sorry, Mates! Seems the only thing condoms are really good for is choking sheep. Besides, the green ones taste vile!

The new survey carried out by Southern networks to gauge TV viewers' response to the first four months of condom advertising makes interesting reading. For example: 89 per cent of those interviewed expressed disappointment that the *Mates* ads were insufficiently explicit: an opinion given some credence by the fact that 11 per cent thought *Mates* was a brand of jeans.

By way of reinforcing this underlying feeling that the message (i.e. to bag up) still isn't getting across, 69 per cent of male interviewees suggested that the girl in the chemist's shop should abandon her white coat in favour of black leather underwear, and of that 69 per cent, a remarkable 96 per cent expressed the desire that she be seen giving a practical demonstration of condom use, though not with the prat with the dicky nerves and funny haircut.

The suspicion that Branson always knew there was a new untapped market of (very) young condom punters is borne out by the fact that 42 per cent complained that *Mates*' taste ghastly, specially the green ones – while 30 per cent objected to the smell, e.g. the Swanage abattoir superintendent who said: "She insisted on getting out of bed just when I was into the short strokes to see if the belt on the Hoover motor needed replacing." And 28 per cent complained that doing it through a chain link fence caused nasty sores.

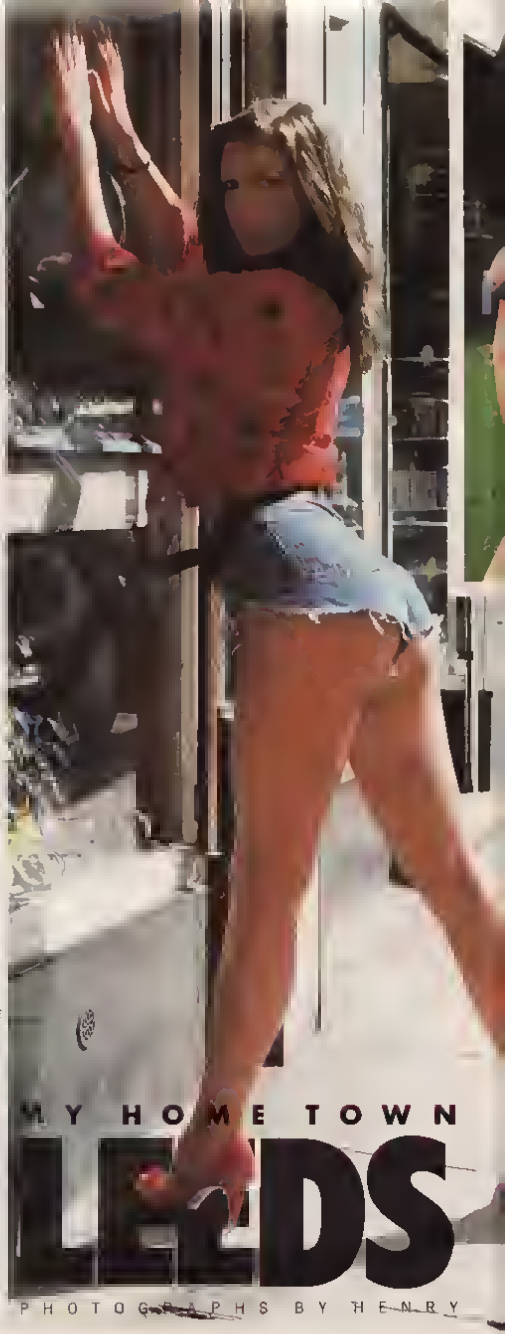
Having flunked his commission to clean up Britain, is it not ironic that the discarded products of the Virgin empire are now littering our hedgerows in such profusion? While that other equally grotesque form of pollution – discarded McDonalds left-overs and cartons – is reckoned by environmentalists to be instrumental in boosting the population of the urban fox *(good thing or bad? Ed.)*, discarded condoms in Green Belt areas are causing an alarmingly high incidence of deaths among grazing livestock.

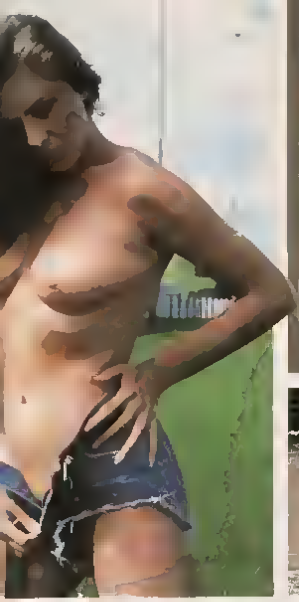
Fatalities are highest of all among grazing sheep, mainly because they feed close, taking in what is too short for cattle. The daily life of the sheep is one of continuous feeding until the paunch is full, at which point the beast lies down to ruminate (chew) until the paunch is empty. It is during this process a swollen condom kills, because when it re-enters the creature's mouth it is swollen and distended with grass and seed, lodging in the oesophagus and causing death by choking.

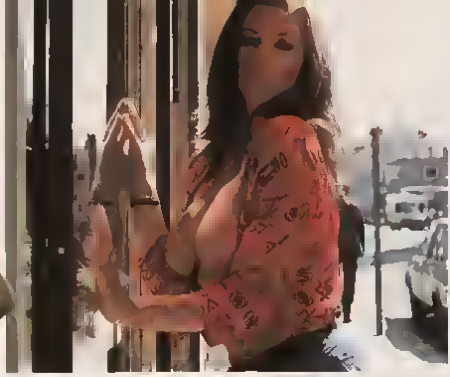
Mind you, the poor old sheep have good reason to be unenamoured of condoms. Prior to the reign of Charles II, the most widely used form of sheath was the appendix of the lamb. Charles himself, a sensitive soul, favoured the appendices of unborn lambs.

Could it be that matey old Dickie Branson is none other than a reincarnation of the original Dr. Conton, from whose name the condom is derived? The similarities are striking. Charles II, greatly disturbed by the spread of syphilis, commissioned the bearded, red-

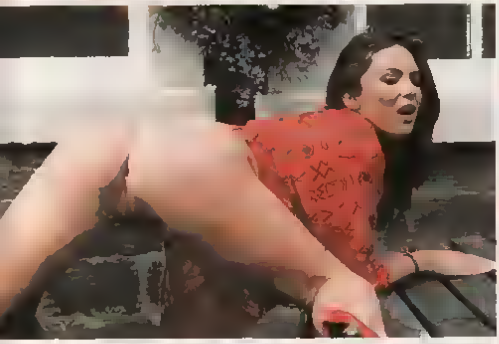
continued on page 18

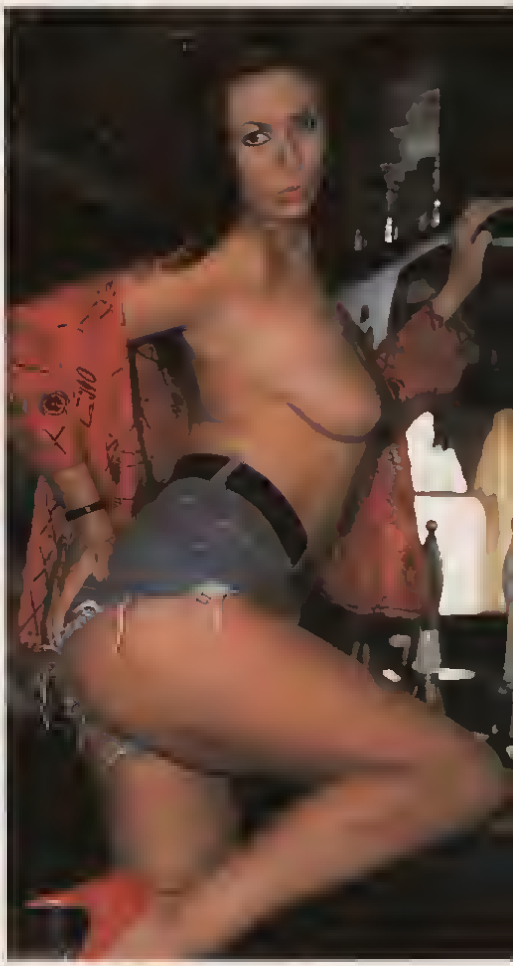


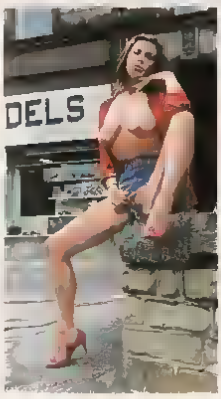


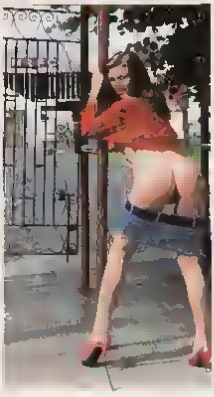


Vicious rumours have been appearing in the press of late about the Yorky man. 10 per cent of the men in Sheffield are impotent, according to the tabloids. And they also quote a friend of Ms. Fiona (five times a knight) Wright, a Sheffield girl, as saying: "No *wonder* Fiona moved to London." Whatever the truth of these stories – and they were in the papers so they must be lies – the problem has not spread to Leeds. Triphena here (yes, this *is* Triphena) was born, bred and lives in the city and she hasn't met an impotent man yet. Although faced with Triphena you'd have to work hard to keep it down.









VOL 53 NO4

IT'S BRITISH NATIONAL CRUMPET WEEK SPECIAL

WRIGGLY-GIGGLY

ISSUE ON SALE APRIL 7th

B L A H !

continued from page 92

working out if they were real or doctored pictures that we won every scrum but one. And by then the pictures were covered in mud.

I also find that some of your pictures cause erections in the opposing forwards. Erections in the scrum, as you can well imagine, cause consternation, accusations of homosexuality and, of course, a good deal of fighting.

I hope to play for England soon and I shall be interested to see how my technique works at top level.

It should confuse the Scots, Irish and Welsh. Although I fear it may be of no use against the French.

P S,
Leeds

false claims and demanding a refund.

This can be embarrassing. Especially if, like me, your wife works in the American Express office.

An Englishman has none of these problems. No one expects him to be a great lover. And if he manages some sort of performance everyone calls him a superstud.

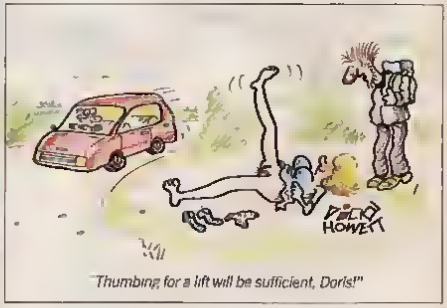
Imagine if we French were British. How marvellous our performance would seem in the eyes of the women of the world!

That is not the only advantage. There are lots more, I'm sure. Although I can't think of any just at the moment.

Y K,
Colombey les deux jerbils

From a President

My Fellow Readers. As you know,



"Thumbing for a lift will be sufficient, Doris!"

Pisa Pie

Sir. Your letter from Pisa, published in the last issue, is completely erroneous. The leaning tower of Pisa still leans. I have just come back from there and it is the same as ever.

The claim that showing your magazine to the lower caused it to become erect is arrant nonsense of the most juvenile kind.

G K
Southend on Sea

Maybe they took our advice and poured a bucket of water over it.

Anglophile

Sir. I think the people of France would be well advised to take notice of the invitation from Margaret Thatcher for France to become part of Britain.

The idea has many, many advantages. For a start everyone expects a French man to be a great lover. If you fail women laugh at you. Foreign women especially. They get very angry and drag you off to the tourist agent they bought their flights from, using you as evidence of.

I am getting on a bit now, and although as strong and as vigorous as I've ever been since I became President of the United States, I am now beginning to feel the strain.

I've had three major operations in the last few years and, boy, it takes it out of a guy.

My memory isn't what it used to be and, to tell you the truth, I think the reason I didn't stop the latest scandal before it started was that I was asleep when they told me about it!

I think it's a great pity, but I'll maybe have to resign soon. I don't want to because there were so many things I hoped to do in my Presidency which I haven't managed yet.

But there it is. If things don't change for the better soon, I'll have to pass this heavy burden on to some other guy.

That's all. I just thought I'd let you, my friends and fellow readers, know before I told the Congress, the American People, the press and all that shower.

Kind regards,

Ron
Washington

YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor, Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

CONCEIVABLE OPPORTUNITIES

My husband is a wonderful fuck, but an absolute bore. He hardly ever takes me out, so when he's away on business in Saudi or Japan, I misbehave with a vengeance. I'm only 23 years old whereas he is almost 50, so his frequent absence enables me to go to parties and get frisky with boys my own age.

It was an experience at one of these boozy parties which prompts this letter. I met a chap who was really lovely looking, but just incredibly sexist. "You lot are good for three things," he said. "Cooking, washing, and fucking – in that order!"

The man was an absolute pig – and he excited the hell out of me.

In the kitchen when I was topping up my glass he crept up behind me and goosed me, not a sly two-finger job, but a great grappling handful of bottom. Not content with digging his fingers in, he shook it so hard it wobbled like a jelly.

"Do you want to fuck?" I asked, swinging round and slapping his face (and missing!).

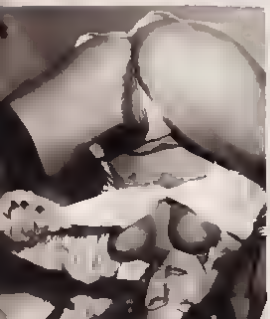
"You'd better behave it!" he said, grabbing my hand and holding it between his legs. He was stiff just on the strength of a feel of my bum. I took his hand and led him through the throng of dancing drunks up the stairs to look for a vacant bedroom. I was desperate to get him alone.

"Do what you did just now," I said, closing the door, lifting my skirt up around my hips and turning my back to him. "Grab my arse and shake it again. You've no idea what that does to me!"

Ever the macho man, he rolled up his shirtsleeves before clasping my chubby little bottom once more, this time ensuring a couple of stiff fingers circumnavigated my panty-crotch and slipped knuckle-deep into my shamefully wet sex.

"Make like you're impressed by my size!" he panted. "Say how bloody big I am!"

Oh, if only his mates could have heard that! He pulled my skirt down, tugged my knickers aside, slapped my arse, and bundled me on to the bed. I sprawled face down on the quilt in my shoes and stockings, a cool breeze reminding me my knicker crotch was awry. I was about to get on all fours and spread my knees when I heard his zipper go. Curiously aroused, I looked around to see – my God! – it really *was* big!



He was stiff, just on the strength of a feel of my bum...

My young pick up opened my petals as I got to my knees and burrowed his cock-bulb into my wet warmth

I yanked my panties aside and he started to ease it up me

Then, wanting to see my other side he flipped me over on to my back got between my thighs and pushed my knees up parallel with my ribcage and mounted me once more while I cupped my boobs and strained to lick my nipples

Unfortunately our fun was brought to a premature close by the party host demanding we 'get dressed and get the hell out of his house No problem I took loverboy back home and screwed him on the downstairs sofa!

Yvette, York

SQUEEZING 'EM IN

You know what men are like when it comes to buying lingerie? Right – sodding useless! My Valentine's Day prezzie from my boyfriend Richard was a red Dior bra and panties set. Maybe, just *maybe* I could have squeezed into it as a 16-year old, but now, 10 years on and my fondness for Pekingese food and sweet white wine having taken its toll, there was no way!

I stood in front of the bathroom mirror, trying in vain to shoehorn my tits into the 32-B cups And as for the knickers, they were so indecently tight they disappeared completely into the crack of my bottom, while at the front they chafed uncomfortably against my clit. It was a terrible shame, Richard was so looking forward to seeing me all tarted-up for a night's cock fun

I sat on the loo to do my make up, causing my knickers to strain even more rigorously against my clit In fact, the material 'caught' my pussy in such a way, it drew the protective skin away from my clitoris, leaving her exposed and tender against the harsh embroidered silk.

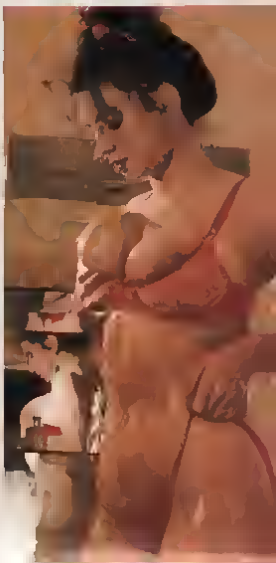
I glanced at my watch Richard wasn't due for another hour.

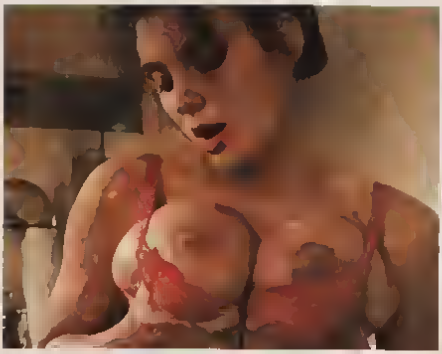
I poured myself a bath, and in it a whole bottle of bath oil I turned the jacuzzi whirlpool on and draped my legs over the sides, positioning my fanny in front of one of the jets and rolling my button between my fingers in the fierce torrent of bubbles Oh boy, was I in need of a good, hard shag!

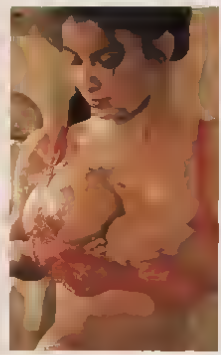
Tiring of soaking in the suds, I climbed out and dried myself, only to discover I'd gone over the top with the bath oil I was as slippery as an eel, glistening from head to toe like I'd been dunked in a vat of olive oil.

I figured I'd give the bra and panties set one more try Now that I was oily, there might *just* be a way I hooked the bra

My nipples were hard and peeking out obscenely...





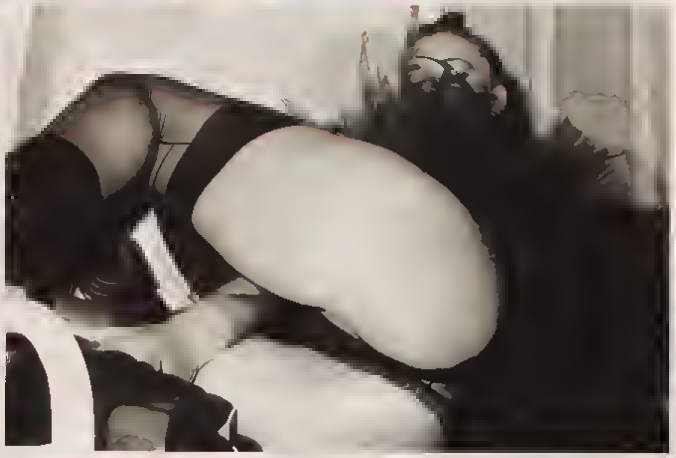


together at my shoulderblades but every time I pulled the cups up over my nipples, they slid back down again. The more I struggled to poke my nipples into the cups, the more erect and sensitive they became, until eventually I gave up and let them hang there, my nipples hard and pink and peeking obscenely over the wet, greasy bra cups.

I'm pleased to say I encountered rather more success with my new panties, yanking them tight until – for a few seconds, at least – they clung to me. It was only when I took a few paces forward and the narrow, slippery gusset slipped between my labia, I realised how desperately randy I'd become.

I sat on the toilet seat again and tugged the inhibiting panty crotch aside. Dipping my middle finger into my sex and using my natural wetness as lubricant, I started rubbing myself off, imagining Richard standing before me, massaging my splendidly oily boobs with his left hand, tossing himself off into my mouth with his right. I was fast approaching boiling point and way past caring that, the way things were going, I'd be completely wanked-out by the time my lover arrived. I squeezed half a tube of KY jelly over my pouting sex and masturbated furiously, fantasising wildly on being shagged to hell and back by Richard and at least five of his loutish, lecherous friends.

If the sound of my unseemly slapping and slopping was almost loud enough to carry through to the house next door, it was certainly loud enough to convey to my boyfriend (who'd let himself in, using the door key I'd forgotten he'd just had cut) my precise whereabouts. He accused me of being a little slut, and proceeded to remove his clothes and become very



I opened my legs for him like a good girl...

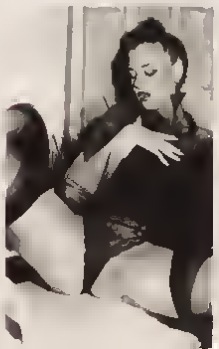
rude with me indeed. All in all, something of a relief!

Vikki, Staines

PAS DE DEUX

I attend ballet lessons twice a week. It keeps me supple and feeling at one with my body and I thoroughly recommend it to anyone with a demanding love life! However, my boyfriend regards ballet in much the same light as blue films. He finds it one big turn-on from start to finish, an attitude I find rather irritating – rather like going to the National Gallery to stroke yourself off over the Titian nudes!

So you can imagine how unforthcoming I was when my lover arrived home pissed one night and asked me to wear my ballet costume for him, and to wear black silk stockings in place of my leotard. That said, when he undressed and revealed an



erection that looked ominously capable of staying up all night until it had been played with. I did my level best to get in the mood.

Now, if there's one thing I cannot abide, it's being wanked over! It's something Terry always arises on when he comes home and finds me sitting around in my underwear. I'm not a prude, but I like to make my big toes touch behind my neck with a minimum of effort. I am reliably informed that I look very rude indeed, doing this knickerless!

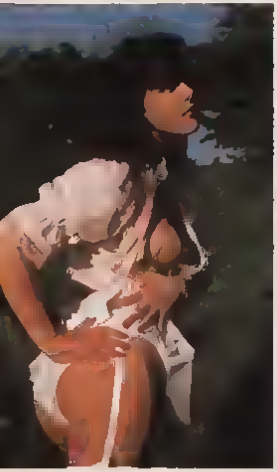
Terry placed himself between my stockinged thighs, slipped his achingly hard erection inside me and in a minute had a simply fantastic pace of pumping until I was climaxing over and over again. Thinking about it, maybe I should dress up for him more often.

Sarah, Oxford

sozzled and it drives me crazy. I opened my legs for him like a good girl but the thought of all that lovely cum going to waste was too much to take.

"There's absolutely no way you're crashing out before giving me some of that," I said, putting my knees together. "Are you going to take me to bed and fuck me properly, or not?"

If there's one thing ballet does for you, it's to oil those aching joints. I'm as good as double jointed anyway, but regular workouts at the barre mean that I can



COUNTRY CAPERS

Last summer was just brilliant. I knew the weather was poxy and it was mission impossible getting a suntan, but I was happy as a lark. I had a lovely new boyfriend, and nine weeks of freedom between leaving school and starting college in which to enjoy him. We didn't have much money, Dave and me, so we spent most of our time out walking in the park or taking cheap BR Awaydays down to the South Coast.

It was only when I grew to know Dave better, I realised what an old sleazebag he was. It didn't worry me that he'd been in blue films – in fact, I was rather proud he found me as sexy as all the big-boobed blonde girls he claimed to have fucked – but some of the people he used to visit with me were definitely on the kinky side.

For instance, there was a mate of his who actually made a living appearing in sex films. His name was Eric, and he lived in a flat in Earl's Court. One night when Dave and me were at his place and Dave went out to the kitchen for some ice, Eric unzipped himself in front of me. Secretly, I was really excited by the sight of his enormous dick, but I didn't dare let on.

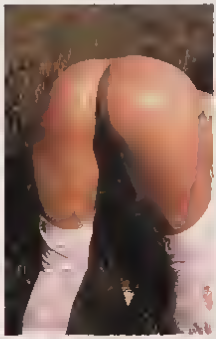
"You're an animal," I said and turned away.

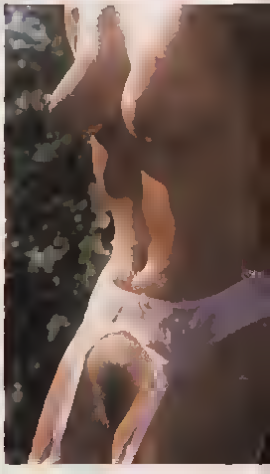
Later on that night, when Dave and me were back home having sex, I told him what his mate had done, but instead of getting uptight, he got really turned-on.

"I bet you really liked it, didn't you?" he said, sliding his prick in and out of me.

Dave reached down and fiddled with my clit and – foolishly, I guess – I confessed. Yes, I liked it, all right. And I didn't deny I wouldn't mind having a go on it.

The following Sunday we picked up Eric in Earl's Court and drove down to Petersham Meadows at Richmond, down by





They were eyeing me as I played with myself...

the river. "A nice day for a walk," said Dave. However, we stopped at three pubs en route, and come closing time at 2pm we were well tipsy.

We walked for 100 yards or so, Dave's hand up my skirt and stroking my bum all the while, then he said to me out loud: "Go on, then. Show Eric your cunt."

I was past caring about ladylike behaviour, so I squatted in the grass and lifted my skirt. I'd slipped out of my knickers and stuffed them in my handbag ages ago – in the Ladies at the King's Head.

"She's got a lovely little slit on her, your bird," said Eric, crudely squeezing the dick-bulge in his Levis and giving me the evil eye. "Reckon you could handle a two's-up, girl?"

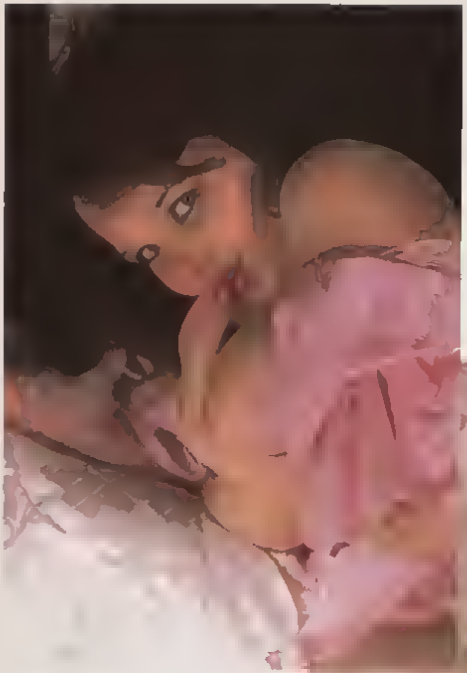
I opened myself up and thrust my fanny at him. "What do you thinks this is for?" I said.

The boys dropped their jeans and stood there, stroking their hard pricks and eyeing me greedily as I played with myself in front of them. I'd never had two pricks to play with before, and I was mad bloody keen.

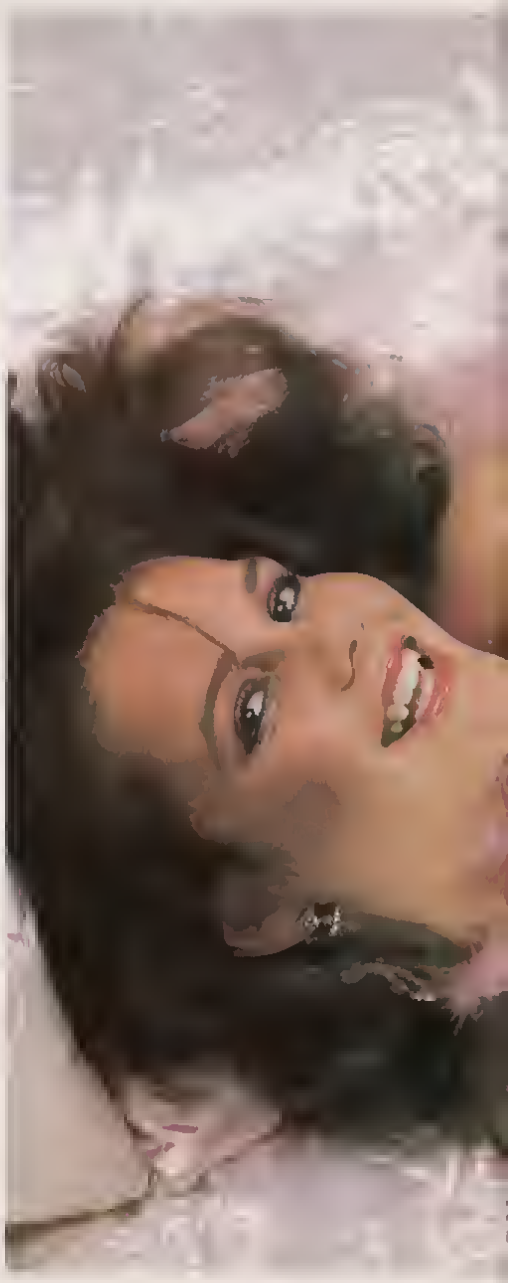
Eric lay on his back in the grass and I suddenly thought how good and dirty it would be if I were to sit on his huge cock sidesaddle. He held it upright while I gently lowered myself over it, holding on to Dave to keep my balance. Then, seated nice and comfy, I took hold of Dave's cock as he stood beside us, and started sucking him off. I've always been a dirty little cow in bed, but I behaved like a whore that afternoon. We were at it so long, the three of us, I even caught the sun!

Marie, Roehampton

Stephanie



So maybe it is a little early to be picking our Girl of the Year, but Steph has got to be in with a chance. She's young (37-23-36), cuddly (18), fun and impressionable. (She thought the man Player was very good looking



and you can't get more impressionable than that!) Her youthful vest shows through in every picture. (I think that should be 'zest' but

the last time we changed this man s copy he threw a filing cabinet through the window – Sub Editor) *You may see Steph in other mags but never as fresh as this*

MEN ONLY

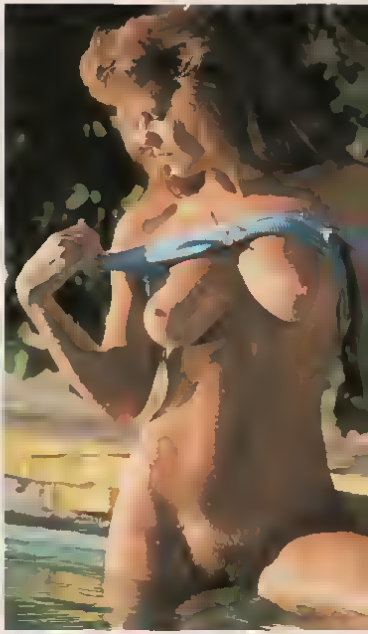
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MURRAY MINT

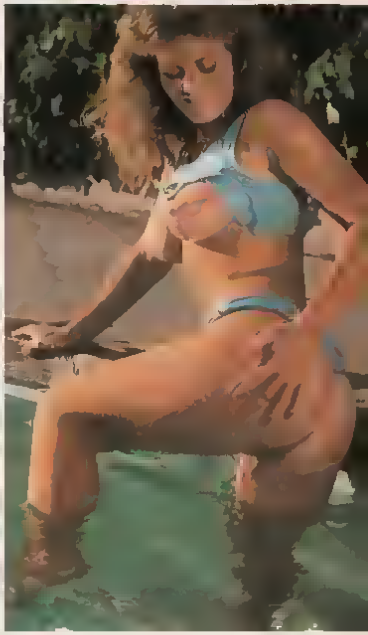
TRIBE

Ex-Miss World, ex-World Real Tennis Champion, first woman to climb Mount Everest, one time brain surgeon, ex-48-24-36 and ex-Mrs. Abraham Finklewartstein the Third – Trudi is none of these. What a totally stupid, irrelevent way to start a caption (37-22-36), you might think. How bloody typical of *Men Only*. But hold on a minute. There is madness in our method. You see, although she loves to be famous for her wonderful body and, indeed, her lovemaking, Trudi doesn't want anyone to know who she really is. There is a reason for this. It's not the usual one. The usual one is that if you appear in some other apology for a men's magazine, people recognise you and say, "Hey, Trudi, I hear you like it all ends up with three guys at a time," and put their hands down your knickers – which is pretty damn annoying when you're trying to get 3000 bags of peanuts into a supermarket trolley and the monkeys are taking them out as fast as you can toss 'em in. That's not the reason here. Trudi knows we never write anything as banal as that in *Men Only*. No, the reason is simply her position in life. (Position 98 actually.)

VERONICA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES





As things are (37-22-36) the girl Veronica is not speaking to any of us. On account of how she came oot of the dressing room wearing this wonderful pure silk antique 1940s nightie (pink, lacy with that freshly poured on paint look) and the mon Player trod on the hem as she went up the stairs, ripping the shoelder strops and generolly returning the thing to polishing rag mode. Leaving her laaking a bit like Eeyore examining his birthday balloon (remember). "If he wanted me ta undress he only had to ask, dammit," said the girl Veronica turning on her heel (an his instep).